[Em] [A7] [C] [D] [2x]

[R] Out of luck is the state I’m in
It comes from all my years of sin
Give me the chance I’d do it all again
Out of luck is the state I’m in

[B][Em] [A7] [C] [D] [2x]

[1] I look like eight miles of bad road
All flattened out like a roadside toad
Ain’t got no silver and ain’t got no gold
I’m sick ‘n tired and growing old [R]

[B][Em] [A7] [C] [D] [2x]

[2] Too many things are going through my head
When I stop moving people think I’m dead
You gotta get a life I think someone said
Pretty sure it was my best friend Fred [R]

[B][Em] [A7] [C] [D] [2x]

[3] Most of the time I ain’t got a clue
People always think I’m sniffing the glue
That ain’t won’t but a joint sure will do
And I’d be happy to share it with you [R] [2x]

[Em] [A7] [C] [D] [2x]

[Em]